The bird i saw, standing in that tree

Alone, chirping carefree

So i believe at least.

The sky is blue, a few clouds

The tree starts to sprout

Those small leaves are showing

Little by little they won’t be so little

They will grow

Day in

Day out,

Come night they sleep, and so does the bird.

The lavender field, not yet showing

It’s true colour,

That mesmerising purple

Indigo, magenta

Whatever it is,

I will ask a girl for help with that

Or that lavender colour

It is quite unique though.

The walk i had

Valleys, hills, straight

Bees,

Life itself

From the tiniest bit to it’s biggest

It lives

Nothing can change that,

We don’t have enough power

The flow will flow, whatever the course is

Little by little it becomes bigger

It diverges, it converges

It separates, it unites

One become many, and many

Become one,

Here, there

Still, yet

Standing, moving

Flowing through life

Surfing, skiing,

Walking,

Or running, i don’t know

But it is steady, whatever it is doing

That is the beauty

Whatever bad comes

Beauty becomes.